# Page Made by and for Our Club Members

SOME AUTUMN THOUGHTS FOR CLUB MEMBERS.

Mary Smith Lyon—R. F. D. No. 1, Scruggs, Franklin county, Va., for draw-ing entitled "The Village Blacksmith." Mary A. Casselman—503 Lamb Ave., Bar-ton Heights, Va., for drawing entitled "A Sall." Annie Davis—507 S. Belvidere Street, city, for story entitled "The Lost Child."

Contributors for the Week.

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Allen, Robt, W.,
Bristow, Nannie L.,
Bruce, George,
Cowardin, Agnès,
Casselman, May A.,
Buff, Veru,
Duff, Veru,
Duff, Veru,
Duff, Annie,
Gilliam, Eeelean,
Haddock, J. H.,
Harney, K. M.,
Livesay, Gladys,
McGraw, Louise H., Wharton, Nita.

#### THE LUCKY PENNY.

Two young herdmen, Peter and Paul, tended jointly all the sheep belonging to the town. One day as they were sitting together upon a hill, from which they had a view of all the pasture-lands together upon a hill, from which they had a view of all the pasture-lands around, a dealer passed with a drove of fat oxen. They knew the man, and Peter sald: "That man may be osiled happy who is as rich as he is." "Cortainily," answered Paul; "It would not be amiss to have some of his money in one's old age." "For one's old age." "How they have been seen of his money in one's old age." "For one's old age." "How they have been seen and that time; If I am to have money, let it be white I am young, that I can enjoy it, and live a merry and pleusant life." While they were thus inking together, there came a little man up the hill with a red cap on his head. Going up to Peter, he presented him with a little purse, and said: "This purse I will give to thee; there is colly one silver penny in it, but every time thou are in need of money, thou mast only its through the silver or gold; but beware thou never give the little penny away." Hereupon he showed Peter the silver penny, and gave him the purse. "But to thee," said he to Paul, "I will give good advice. Learn some useful handlwork; that will promote thy fortune." The little man then left them and disappeared in the mount. Soon after this event. Paul bound himself to a smith; but Peter began to trade. He bought all kinds of goods: went from city to city; always made a good business, and took on much money that he was known all little of which had never herore been seen, and everything in his household was on the meane of Rich Peter the Huckster. He then thought it was not worth while to travel longer about the country; for he had wealth enough and could, moreover, take daily from his purse as much as he desired. He therefore been seen, and everything in his household was on the manor called Lanting, surrounded by wood; and near the manison flowed a river, in which had never hear the south a line manor, called lanting, surrounded by wood; and near the manison flowed a river, in which continue such a life, and talked to him on the subject. But he only laughed and said she might be quite easy on that score, for there was no end to his riches. But his wife secretly hearded the gold and silver which he gave her to buy fine clothes, and this money she was desirous to conceal in some safe place.

(To Be Continued)

11A REID,

23 E. Canal Street, City.

A BOY.

Swimming, swimming, all the day, When he does not buse-ball play; He has no expensive toy, Wouldn't have it! He's a boy,

Fishing, fishing in the brook, Or a few apples he will "crook"; And at dinner time, oh. joy! He's always hungry. He's a boy.

Running, running, jumping, too, Yelling like a jay bird blue; May be a young rabbit he'll destroy, Makes no difference. He's a boy.

Talking, talking, when, if he were still, Hed he obeying his mother's will! When strangers come he's never coy, Never bashful. He's a boy.

Living, living, enjoying, too,
1s the life for me and you;
Let us his wisdom employ,
Turn life backward and be a boy;
Belected by BJIZABETH REID,
23 East Canel Street, city,

# A USEFUL CHILD.

A USEFUL CHILD.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow.
Pun in the sweet blue eyes;
To and fre upon errands,
The little maiden hies.
Now sie is washing the dishes.
Now she is feeding the chicks.
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks;
Wrapped in a big white apron.
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
O, were she only tail!
Hushing the fretful haby,
Coaxing her hair to curl;
Stepping around so briskly,
Because site is mother's girl,
Hunting for eggs in the hay mow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding down to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh,
Coming whene'er she is called,
Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mether is well content,
JESSIE WATKINS. 500 Poe Street, Barton Height, Va.

# What the Times-Dispatch Brought

Dear Children of the Club:

Ilas not the weather been too perfectly glorious for some time—so glorious that it has been a joy to live! Think of waaring thin dresses till the middle of October! Isn't it queer? Up North they put on winter clothes-long before this, and the people hardly believe me when I tell them that we have such a nice cilmate.

All the children here, and grown-ups, too, are excited about the visit of the President, that is to happen on October Ish. Everything is soing to be gally decorated with flags, and our school-children will march down the street and salute Mr. Roosevelt with a grand flag waving. Bome of them will sing "The Star Spangled Bauner" and "America" for his special benefit. I hope many of my little out-of-lown friends can come to Riefimend on that day, and if you do, I would be delighted to see you at my office in the Times-Dispatch byliding. I think some of our T.-D. C. C. members have real talent for drawing, and I hope some day to be able to say that some great artist was a member of the T.-D. C. C. Too not forget to send me some more good poems and stories.

Glood-by till next week.

Yours, with best wishes,

THE EDITOR.

Mary Smith Lyon—R. F. D. No. 11

Dispatch Brought

a Newsboy.

"Times-Dispatch! Times-Dispatch!" It was a little, ragged newshoy selling his morning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder you peak a little, ragged newshoy selling his morning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the worning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the worning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the same ladic of worning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the same ladic of worning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the worning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, will you peak life, ragged newshoy selling his morning papers, Ile went up to a man ladic winder, in the tother and ladic visited of wood in the ladic visited winder, and in the cold of the had to hid of wood in the ladic winder, will winder, will be a life, in t

#### JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

PART II.

She was sorry not to have as many servants as she had had at home, because she was obliged to do several things for herself which other folks had always done for her. It was such trouble to her to dress herself and take care of her own clothes, and keep herself looking neat and pratty to please her husband. But as he was a warrior and often had to be far away from home with the army, she could sometimes he just as lazy as she wished. Her husband's parents were very old and good natured and never seedled her. Well, one night while her husband was away with the army she was away with the army she was away with the gamer lanters she could sometimes he will be a supported by the light of a hig paper lanters she could see very well, and she saw strange things. What? Hundreds of little men, dressed





By Jose B. Romas 1431 French Ave.

Yours truly, NANCY G. STOKES, Elk Hill, Va.

### THE BAD LITTLE GIRL.

"Once 'twas er little girl, so wicked and borrid.

Till the cow run his horns right slap through her forrid.

And throwed her to hebn all full of her sin. And, the gate bein' open, he pitched her right in."

And, the gate bein' open, he pitched her right in."

"Once pun er time there was er bad little girl, an' she wouldn't min' nobody, nor do no way nobody wanted her to; and when her mother went ter give her fyssick, you jes ought ter seen her cuttin' up! She skwelled, an' she hol-ler'd, an' she kelked, an' she jes dono ev'y bad way she could; an' one time when she was er goin' on like that the spoon slipped down her throat, an' choked her plum ter death; an' not long after that, when she was er playin' one day on the side of the oreek with her little sister, she got ter fightlin' an' pinchin' an' acroughn', an' the fus thing she knowed, she fell kersplash in the creek, and got drowned. An' one time her munny to! 'er not nuber ter cilim upon the fender, an' she nober min' 'er, but clum right upon the fender ter git an apple ofn' the mantplece; an 'the fane an' burnt all up. An' another time, jes er week after that, she fell in the fire an' burnt all up. An' another time, jes er week after that, she was er foolin' long o' cow, what she had no business, the cow run his horns right through her forrid an' throwed her way-ay-ay up yon'er; an' she nuber come down no mo', an' that's all."

Selected by ELISE S. WYATT,



## The President Is Coming.

(Illustrated by George A. Bruce.) What means this great excitement strong. This crowd who rush the streets along? What calls them forth with flag and drum?
Oh! President Roosevelt has come.

This is a Richmond gala day! When citizens in bright array, With smiles and cheers, Come forth to greet Our hero President in our street.

(3.)
This date we'll ever keep alive,
October 18th, nincteen five,
Remembering the pride our city felt,
To welcome nable Roosevelt.

#### SCHOOL-TIME.

(Selected by Agnes Cowardin.) John, Attend to your letters, I pray; For if with your reading you do not you'll never be ready for play.

Attention to lessons brings laughter at play, Glad Inces, with merriment bright, Good temper and <u>bearts full of sunshine</u> by day, And sweet, peaceful slumbers at night.

Then on with your letters, g. l. i, o, u,
The dullest can honestly try;
And who would not work with this prospect in view,
Of reading bright books by and by.

#### THE STORY OF A LOST CHILD.

(By Annie Davis.)

CHAPTER I.

There was not a sweeter child in the village than Delores Hern. She was the fair, golden-haired granddaughter of Mr. Horn. She was never more lovely than she was this morning. The sunbeams were playing on her hair, and nothing was more exquisite than the blending of the illy and the rose in her face.



Her eyes were the color of a summer's sky, She used to go up on the hills every morning to gather flowers for her grandfather. All the people in the village loved her. She was so good and sweet,

She had just kissed her mother good-bye, and now runs lightly up the hill.

It is evening in the village, still Delores does not come home. Her grandfather will not touch his supper without her. He paces restlessly up and down the room. At last he can bear it no longer and goes out, asking everyone he meets, "Have you seen my grandchild, Delores?" One man said he saw her shout noon, gathering flowers. Another said he had seen her on the hill making a willow basket, but that was in the morning. Everyloody now knew that Delores was lost. One young man said he knew something had happened, for one of his lambs was lost the youngest in the flock. They all said they would go and look for her.

When they were gone her mother, weeping, cried, "God bless our during and keep her safe from harm."

(To be Continued.)

#### REVENCE.

Mrs. Brandon's face wore a weary, dejected expression. Day by day had gone by and yet no news of Marian, Marian was an only child of Mr. and Mrs. Brandon. She was a bright child, and very licautiful. She was eight years old, and hen health was not good; the doctor told Mrs. Brandon to take her to the country. The Brandon's decided to take Marian to their summer home. Henry Ronby, Mrs. Brandon's brother, begged take Marian to their Summer home. Henry Ronby, Mrs. Brandon's brother, begged them to let him take Murian under the charge of her nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon would not let him at first, but at last gave in. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon were to follow Henry and Marian a week later. Four days had gone by and not a line from Henry, to Fay whether they had arrived safely. Both parents were nearly crazy. The fifth morning a letter in Henry's handwriting was brought in. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon read as follows: in, Mr. and Mrs. Brandon read as follows:
"Come at once; child stolen; work of
Jack Derby, Henry."
Mrs. Brandon fell back in the chair,
Jack Derby had gone to school with

Henry and Mr. Brandon. Jack and Mr. Brandon had always disliked each other, but were not really enemies until both began to pay attention to Lily Ronby, ending by Mr. Brandon's marrying her. Juck swore reveine, but had failed to injure Mr. Brandon so far, but both Mr. ord Mrs. Brandon knew that he was having his rovense. Mr. Brandon took the train for Hedgeside, for that was the place where Hehry had last seen Marian and her nurse, but could not trace Marian. Henry and Mr. Brandon went to the hotel that Henry had bley That fateful night and asked the manager when he had last seen Marian. This was the manager's story: Henry and Mr. Brandon, Jack and Mr.

when he had not set with the manager's story:

"You came here and said that you would like two rooms adjoining; a woman and a little child were with you. I showed you all to your rooms; about an hour

The flar which he held down with he held down the method which, nerofinates, lies with The Georgia Volunteer.

What mother, with long watching eyes, and white lips cold and dumb.

then great relief, which is a great, large place. Queen Victoria's crown, left here for King Edward to wear, but he will never wear it, for it is a rock in the shape of a rile on the Echo River. The Scotchman's trap is the first point of interest to be seen it is a large rock lodged against the wall and a certain Scotchman was afraid to go under it, so climbed over it. We went in the cave about 1 P. M. and came out through Cork Screw about 3 cleak that night.

Castle Wood, Va. Viena DUFF.

#### 'A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER."

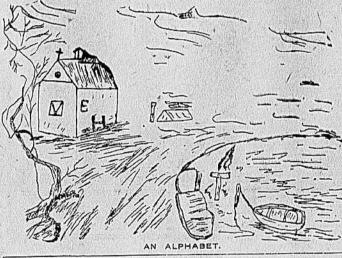
Far up the lonely mountain side
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The Pines sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed tipon the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ,
Mad rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
Ifrom dust its words to clear;
But time had blotted all but these;
"A Georgia Volunteer."

I saw the load and scaly snake
From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the woods
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unbeedling, there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud, Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below.
I saw the Allerhanies rise
Toward the realms of show.
The "Valley Campaign" rosa to mind—
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Tet whence he came, what lip shall say?
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Hove beel because he fell?
What sad-eyes muldeh braids her hair—
Her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which, nerchance, lies with
The Georgia Volunteer.



later I saw the woman and child descend the stairs, and I heard the child suy, I am going to thank Uncle Henry for let-ting me get this candy, What I thought was strange, the woman had the satchel, that she brought in the evening with her The manager could tell nothing more, but Henry showed Mr. Brandon a slip of note paper with Jack Derby and Miss Revense.

note paper with Jack Derby and Miss Revenge.

This had been under the door of hisroom. Both knew that Jack did not have enough money to kep Marian comfortably, so they went to to poorouse but they soon found that Marian had not been there. Mr. Brandon's next step was to hire Mr. Shred, the sharpest of the detectives. Mr. Shred could find this much, that Marian had been told by her nurse that Mr. Henry said they could go out and got some candy. The nurse hired a cab and she and Marian got in. This shows that Marian's nurse had never intended to go to the store, for one whs very near the hotel. The driver owned that a man came up and hired him to drive out in the country, but the driver said he was drunk, and so he could not remember much, but the man told him drive out in the country, but the driver said he was drunk, and so he could not remember much, but the man told him to go in sleep and he would drive. A woman and child were with him, the child was asleep. Mr. Shred could find no more than this. They scarched a month. Mr. Brandon offered big rowards, but there was no sign of Marian, Mrs. Brandon was helping all the poor children that she could, thinking of Marian, One evening she was in a hospital. She went in the rooms where the poor children lay sick and gave the children canges because their parents, if they had any, were too poor to buy them. As she came to one little cot, she saw the wasted form of Marian. Her kindness to the poor was thus rewarded.

SALIAE JEFFRESS.

# THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

I visited the Mammoth Cave this su mer. It is filled with curiosities. I walk-ed 15 3-4 miles in the cave and three-quarters of a mile drove. In one place we saw a rock that looks like a rahwo saw a rock that looks like a Tabbit; in another place we saw the Floral Garden. It is covered with lilles and roses. The snow-ball room is white as snow and looked like snow-balls. Sou Soo eyes are a pair of rock eyes. We went through the fat men's misery, and it is a narrow path through rock; then the long man's misery, which is a low place; Her boy! whose mountain grave swells But one of many a scar,



By Gladys Livesay.

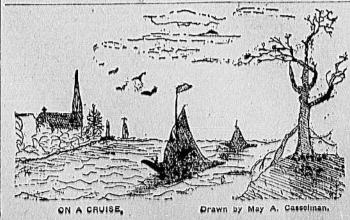
Cut on the face of our fair land By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wound he

wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not even a name!
That he fought well and bravely, too,
And held his country dear,
Wo know-else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows, ere this whose cause was just
In God, the Father's sight,
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Return no foeman's thrust;
Who but a coward would ravite
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll Adorn thy rocky glen!
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedur and the pine
In solitude austere,
Unknown unnamed, forgotten, lies In solitude austes.
In solitude austes.
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten,
A Georgia Volunteer.
Selected by
MILDRED P. MITCHELL.
Green Bay, Va.



# Letters From The Children

No. 205 Reservoir Street, city. Dear Editor.—Please find encioned a picture called "Abo Lincoln" and one of "Backet and Birds," I hope to receive a prize for them Remaining yours truly, No. 307 E. Leigh Street, city.

Dear Editor,—Would you mind sending me mother badge, as I have leat the other one? Emclosed you will find a story called "Nelly's Trap," Woll, I must close, hoping to see the in the paper. From your littel friend, LOUISE SEAIN, No. 302 N. Thirty-fourth Street, city.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy but eight years old. I have never had a picture in the paper. I would be very thankful to you if you would put this one in. Hoping it will escape the waste basket, I am Your little friend MAURICE SHAPERO.

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Editor.—I sand you herewith a drawing, which I hope to see in next Sunday's Times-Dispatch. Your member, JOHN E. MARTIN.

Dear Editor, I will send you a little drawing, which I hope will not go to the waste basket, Yours very truly. No. 715 E. Marshall Street, city.

Dear Editor.—I hope you will put this drawing of the little dwarf in The Times-Disputch, and also a story. I will close, with love to all the members of the T. D. C. C.

Yours truly.

No. 618 N. Third Street, city.

Dear Editor, I recken you think hard of putting not writing, and thanking you for putting my piece in. I am going to write a real long piece before long. Yours truly, Carrier W. SHARP. Clover, Va.

Dear Editor.—I enclose a story which I hope you will publish in your paper. I am a mem-ner of your club. MARGARET KURKITAM, No. 10 E. Ninth Street, Manchester, Va.

No. 16 E. Ninth Street, Manchester, Va.

Dear Editor,—Einclosed you will find a poem
shitted Luny, which I hope will be good
shough to publish in your Sunday's paper, I
take great interest in the children's page, and
childy it very much. I sent in a poem and it
was in the paper last Sunday, but have not
received any badges. I belong to the T. D. C.
L. but have lost my badge, and would live
very much to have another one. Hoping to
receive my badge, I will close. Hoping the
dub much success, I am your member.

PEARL MAY LEFFLEY.

No. 718 N. Twenty-seventh Street, city.

Dear Editor.

Dear Editor — I will write you a letter, telling you that my father takes your paper, and
I would like to Join the clab. I will send
stories or drawings every week. I am twelve
years old. Send me a badge please, as I would
like to Join. Well, I must closs.
Your loving friend.
No. 308 Charlotte Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Dear Hilltor, —Enclose please find a drawing witch I wish very much to see in print I have tried very hard on it. I want I clud win a priss for it. Your member, CHLESTE DISTRICT Hohensolm's P. O., Ascension Par. Lit.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a story entitled "Middiston." I hope it will win a prize, or at least to see it in print. I have not written anything for a long time, but I hope you will excuse me for not units st. Will you please send me a badge. I lost mide at a picnio, so, please eard me nonter one. We will have to start writing about "te cold whater time soon" instead of the "fragrant summer time." Wishing the club a huya autumn, I will close. Your little member.

Tunstail, Va. R. F. D. No. 1.

Dear Editor.—I am a little gul ten years old and I wish to become a member of the T. D C. C. children's page, and will do my best Please send me a badge. Yours truly, VIRGINIA ANN BUCHANAN.

Dear Editor.—I send a drawing, which I hope ou will like. I have started school, but I won't forget your club. Your friend.

Nowe Ferry, Va.

draw on the board at school to-morrow, Your little friend,

No. 181 Floyd Avenue

Dear Editor,—I was gird to see my picture in the paper, though it did not get a prize, so i will senid another, and perhaps this one will get a prize. I have not gotten by badge yet; please send it to mo. I will close now. Your little friend,

Radford, Va.

Radford, Va.

Radford, Va.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, ten years old, and would like to receive a badge. Enclosed you will find a little story, which is hope you will print on the children's page. Wishing success to your cite, I am,

716 East Clay Street, city.

Dear Editor.—Al) father has taken your paper for a long time and I have been very interested in the children's page and would like to become a member. Pleass send me a badge. Your friend,

Mary Street, Bristol, Va.

Dear Editor,—I send you a story and would like to know if they are good. I also send a drawing. I took lessons on the violin has winter, and that is why I couldn't write to you then. Please send me a badge, for I lost mine. I was so glad when I saw my letter in the paper. With love to members of the T. D. C. C. GEORGE B. J. RYALL.

613 N. Third Street, Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to join the T.D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a story called "The Three Cate." Hoping it will es-cape the waste basket, "Yours truly." NANCY G. STOKES.

P. S.—Please send me a badge.

Dear Editor,—I have not received my baller yet, but hope it will arrive very soon. I send you a little drawing, which I hope you will put in the next Sunday's paper. Wishing good luck to every member of the T. D. C. C. I remain your happy member.

GRACIE TITUS.

Petersburg, Va. Editor Times-Dispatch, care T. D. C. C. i. Doar Sir,—I was delighted to see my ploture won a prise last Sunday. I send you berewith another, which I hope will be published. Tour member.

JOHN MARTIN. Waverly, Va.

Editor T. D. C. C.,—I am sending you a ploture of the little boy you saw in the baby parade. I hope you will like lit.
Your loving mamber,
MARY SMPTH LYNN,
Scruggs, Franklin Co., Va., R. F. D. No. I.

Dear Editor,—I received the book entitled "Lave's Way in Digle." I enjoyed reading it so much and am ever so much oblige to you. I will send with this a drawing called "Meditation," and hope it will take a pirze if you are to me person twice. I wish the T. D. give it to one person twice. I wish the T. D. G. C. Success.